Stories on the Road.

Commercial Travelers at a Wayside Inn-Something to Put in a Gripsack.

"Gentlemen, I almost envy you the positions you fill; your experience of the world xour knowledge of business; the changin, sights you see, and all that, you know."

This warmly expressed regret fell from the lips of an elderly pleasure tourist, last August, and was addressed to a *smi-circle of commircial travelers reated on the perch of the Lindell Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.

"Yes," responded a New York representative of the profession, "a drammer in the with.

tive of the profession, "a drummer isn't without his pleasures, but he runs his risks, toorisks outside the chances of railroad collisions and steamboat explosions." "What risks, for instance?"

"What risks, for instance?"

"This, for instance," said Mr. W. D. Franklin, who was then traveling for an Eastern
house, and is known to morehants in all parts
of the country: "The risk—which, indeed,
amounts almost to a certainty—of getting the
dyspepsia from purpetual change of diet and
water and from having no fixed hours for esting and sleeping. I myself was an example.
I say cos, for I am all right now."

"No discount on your digestion?" broke in
a Chicago dry goods traveler. lighting his elgar
afresh.

"Not a quarter per cent. But I had to give

up traveling for awhile. The dyspepsin rutned my paper. F nally I came across an advertise-ment of PARKER'S TONIC I tried it, and it fixed me up to perfection. There is nothing on earth, in my opinion, equal to it as a cure for

dyspepsia."
Me ors. Hiscox & Co., of New York, the proprinters, hold a letter from Mr. Franklin stat-ing that precise fact. PARKER'S TONIC aids digestion, cures Malurial Fevers, Heartburn, Headache, Coughs and Colds, and all'chronic diseases of the Liver and Kidneys. Pata bot-tle in your value. Prices, 50c. and \$1. Econ-omy in larger size.

DR. STRONG'S PILLS! The Old, Well Tried, Wonderful Health Renewing Remedies. STRONG'S SANATIVE PILLS For the Liver.
Liver Complaint, Regulating the Bowels, Purifying
the Blood, Cheaning from Malaria Tank. A perfect cure for Sick Headnehe, Constitution
and all Billious Blooders.

STRONG'S PECTORAL PILLS ESTABLES



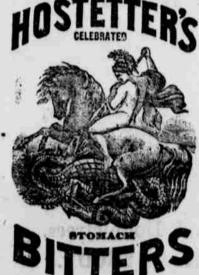
body arise from a derangement of the Liver, affecting both the stomach and boxects. In order to effect a cure, it is necessary to remore the cause. Irregu-lar and Sluggish action of the Bowels, Headache, Sickness at the Stomach, Pain in the Pack and Loins, etc., indicate that the Liver is at fault, and that nature requires assistance to enable this organ to

puires assistance to enable this organ to throse off impurities.

Prickly Ash Hitters are especially compounded for this purpose. They are mild in their action and effective as a cure; are pleasant to the taste and taken easily by both children and adults. Ta-ken according to directions, they are a safe and pleasant cure for Dyspepsia, General Debility, Habitual Coustipation, Diseased Kidneys, etc., etc. As a Blood Purifier they are superior to any other medicine; cleansing the system theroughly, and imparting new life and energy to the in-

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS

St. Louis and Kaneas City, Mo-Send six cer ts for pos tage, and receive free a costly package box of goods which will help all, of either sex; to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address Taux & Co., Augusts, Maine.



degeneration for Enfecciled Systems, buffering from a general want of tone, and its usual concomitants, dyspepsis and nervousness, is seldom derivable from the use of a nourishing diet and stimuli of appetite, unaided. A medicine that will effect a removal of the specific obstacle to renewed health and vigor, that is a genuins corrective, is the real need. It is the possession of this grand requirement which makes Hostetter's Stomach Bitters so effective as an invigorant. For sale by all Druggists and Desiers generally.



TORPID BOWELS,
DISORDERED LIVER,
and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These cymptoms indicate their existence: Less of Appetite, Bowels coative, Sick Head-ache, fullness after cating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Ernetation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dixiness, Fluttering at the Heart, Bots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION and demand the use of a remedy that sets directly on the Liver. As a Livermedicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Identy sand skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "seawengers of the system," producing specite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS on the daily work and are a perfect. stia and a vigorous body.

suso no naissa of griping nor interferential daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA

ANTIDOTE TO

PUTT'S MANUAL OF CERFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

CITY OF CLOVERPORT, KY., WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1884. VOL. VIII.

THE GODMOTHER'S GIFT.

Beside the baby's cradle
She sat the whole night long,
To lay upon his little lips
The kisses six of Song.

"This is the kiss shall make him long To drink," she softly sighed,
"The fount of Benuty with the thirst
That no'er is satisfied.

"This is the kiss shall ope the eye And stimulate the brain, To see what others never saw

And be can ne'er attain. "This is the kies shall charm his lips So that his whole life long There honey-bees of thought chall hive The stinging sweets of Song.

"And here the kiss of Wandering I print on feet and breast, That he may for possession have Desire and sore unrest.

"And this shall be the kiss of Love, His life to consecrate To her that shall be lost too soon, Or be found out too late.

"There are the kirres five I give My baby in his sleep : The sixth, and succedest of all, A little white I keep.

"And he shall sever know, or, known, It never shall be told, Which sweeter is—the kiss I give, Or the kiss that I withhold "

MABEL'S LOVER

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER IV. "PRILIP VANDERDECKEN."

The moment the stranger entered, he addressed Amos Parr, in a deep musical voice, with a strong foreign accent. "Pardon me if I intrude upon your pri-

vacy. Do not disturb yourselves, I pray." So saying, he threw back his clonk, and took off his snow covered hat. The fire light flashed upon his features, and showed them distinctly to all there. His complexion was swarthy, yet clear and singularly pale, his lair black as jet and worn some what long, his features handsome in the extreme yet darkened by an habitual frown, his eyes singularly penetrating and almost fierce. He wore a black mustache and a short beard, cropped close, sailor fashion; and fixed in his cars were two small rings of gold.

All looked at him in amazement, Mabel in positive awe and terror, for he seemed the very original of that old legend!

Captain Seth was the first to break the silence.

"Who are you? and what d'ye want?" The stranger glanced at him calmly with his black eyes, and then, without replying to him, again addressed the master of the

"I am a traveler just landed from Holland, and I lost my way smidst the snow. I was looking for an inn, when I beheld your windows brightly lit, and thought I | gend. would ask for sheher."

An os Parr, who was the very soul of warningly to Captain Seth, who seemed un accountably sullen and irritable, he said with a bow

"You are right welcome, whoever you are, sir."

The stranger nodded, and without more apology threw off his clonk, a heavy article of attire, of somewhat old fashioned cut His graceful yet powerful figure now showed to greater advantage in a tight fitting suit of dark brown, with black velvet lappets and cuffs. His collar was open at the throat, showing a rough sailor's shirt, and he wore leather boots reaching to the knee. His hands were covered with gaunt

let gloves. 'May I sit by your fire a little?" he said; and without waiting for a reply he walked over and cat down. The little party drew back, watching him in surprise, and, if the truth must be told, with a certain dread; for there was much about the circumstance es of his appearance calculated to awaken superstition. Captain Seth and Antony

nudged each other; Martha shrank back under her lover's huge shadow; while Amos stood smiling awkwardly; and Mabel, standing alone on one side of the hearth looked at the stranger in positive fascina-

He kicked the snow off his boots against the hearthstone, and then, leisurely drawing off his gloves, began warming his hands. Mabel then perceived, with a fresh thrill, that his hands were unusually white, and covered with valuable rings.

"Won't you sit down?" he said to his host, with a patronizing nod. His manner, we may remark in passing, was aggressive,

and not too amiable; and he had the air of one accustomed to be obeyed. Amos smiled again, and took his old

"I'm afraid I disturb you," said the guest, with a slight shrug of the shoulders. "Not at all," replied the ship-chandler; but the fact is, and I'm afraid you will laugh at us when I tell you why your appearance took us by surprise. You say you came from Holland, sir; and, curiously enough, just before you knocked, we were discussing a foolish superstition of your

countrymen concerning a certain ghostly

mariner who comes to land once every seventh Christmas tide-"All the Flying Dutchman!" cried the stranger, with a careless nod, and the ghost of a low laugh. "I know the story. He comes to earth in the hope of finding some human soul who may-the devil alone knows why!-relieve him from his burden. Well, I confess the coincidence of my arrival is a curious one; but I trust you will give me the benefit of the doubt and not refuse me your company because

corded in the black calendar of your superstitions." Amos was about to answer cordially, when Mabel, her eyes still fixed on the

an unfortunate countryman of mine is re-

tranger's face, cried eagerly: "No, ne! You will stay here-you will.

back into the shadow. The stranger look ed at her coldly, though with a certain sur- Thatch from your door?" prise, and then said, turning carelessly to Amos:

"Your daughter, sir?" "By adoption."

"And mine, too," muttered Antony, "if finding's keeping."

"I'm afraid my arrival has startled the young lady. Mark how pale she is." "Nay," returned Mabel quickly, now

blushing scarles, "it is not with fear." The young man gazed at her steadily again, with a gaze that no one could have deemed too modest; and then, as if tired of the scrutiny, turned again to the fire, observing:

"Sensibly spoker." "Will you drink with us, sir?" said

Amos. "See, here is wine-and some stronger liquor of your own nationality." "Thanks. I'll take a cup of wine, with your leave.

Amos poured out a full goblet of red claret, and was about to lift it and band it to his guest, when Mabel stepped forward and quietl, undertook the office of cupbearer. As he took the wine from her delicate hand, be looked at her again with the same audacious gaze, so that she blushed more deeply, and drooped her eyes. Then he held the cup up to the

"Not bad wine, I fancy!"

"Twas a present from my friend here." replied Amos, smiling, and pointing to An

"Humph! too good, I should fancy, ever to have paid duty to the king!" He continued, observing Amony's look of consternation, "Never mind! I'm no customhouse officer.

"May I ask your name, sir?" said Amos. timid!v. The stranger hesitated, still in the act to

drink; then a curious smile flitted across his face. "Philip Vanderdecken," he replied. The very name of the ghostly captain!

All started, and looked nervously at each other. Le continued, still smiling grimty: "The fact is, I am a descendant of his: at any rate, I bear his name, not an uncommon one over there. Well," he cried, "here's the poor devil's health, and luck to

his search when he comes ashore." And he litted the goblet to his lips and drank. Presently be added, looking

thoughtfully at the Sre: "After all, it's a hopeless business, and my spectral relative might as wall give up the hunt in despair. Where anything de- tance. pends upon a woman, farewell to hope and constancy!"

"Why upon a woman, sir?" asked Amos, who was but dimly instructed in the le-

"As far as I recoilect, 'tis through a woman my unfortunate namesake is to be hospitality and kindliness, was anneyed at saved-a woman who is so true, so pure, the rough salutation which had greeted the | that she is willing to give her life, her very stranger's entrance; so lifting his finger soul, for his. So the thing is, on the very surface, a ghastly jest! A true woma constant woman! a woman who is not more changeable than a weather-cock, lighter than a straw! There is no such thing!" "You are severe on the fair sex, good

sir," observed Amos Parr "I've sailed the wide world round," was the reply, "and found them ever the same. Fair face, false heart-sweet in seeming. treacherous in truth-such have been the charmers, from Lileth and Eve downward,"

He sat for a moment looking at the fre. and the frown darkened on his face. To the surprise of all present. Mabel looked at him steadfastly and said:

"You speak very bitterly, sir. Have you

good cause?' He started, and raised his eyes to hers. His gaze was hold as ever, but this time she did not flinch or blush.

"And if I have?" he said, after a pro longed look.

"And you deem all women false and wicked?

returned, with a kind of sneering courtesy. "She in whose presence we sit and quaff, is an angel ever. All the rest of her sex-

what I have said!" He appeared to think that he had dispostd of the subject; but, after a moment's pause, Mabel said, less as if addressing

bim than as if communing with berself: "And yet it seems so easy to be true. Tis hard to be wise, beautiful, and noble, like some women; but surely any maid can

be true, if she wills?" A little more interested, the young man gazed at her again.

"She must first love, my pretty maiden. Is that so easy?" This time Mabel did not reply; but turn

ing her eyes away, she sighed deeply and seemed to become lost in thought. Before anything further could be said or done by those present, an unexpected incident occurred. Suddenly, to the astonish-

ment of all, a loud and angry voice exclaimed: "So! Amos Parr! you have company,

CHAPTER V.

THE BLESSING. Leaning against the lintel of the door and regarding the company with fierce bloodshot eyes, was 'Squire Lambe, who, finding the outer door unbolted after Martha's admission of the stranger, had strid-

den in unobserved. It was obvious that he had been engaged in high revel; the ruffles round his throat were torn and stained with wine, his gorgeous dress was disordered, and he stood very unsteadily upon his feet. Clatching his riding whip, he rocked to and fro, and rolled his head very viciously. Just be-

hind him, in the shadow of the kitchen, stood Caleb Thatch, his familiar. "Your troubles sit lightly upon you," continued the 'squire with a slight hic-

She paused with a deep sigh, and drew your rascally companions. Answer me Amos Parr! How dared you turn Caleb

And he shook his whip threateningly. "Musha, thin, that was my doing," cried

Antony Reilly: "and I'd serve his master | Caleb, count the yellowboys and write the the same, if he wasn't civil-look at that

"You deg. I know you!" said Lambe, with a face of thunder; then turning again to Amos he continued, "I was passing by and saw the lights-bic-and heard the voices. It is like you-you, a pauper-to waste your substance in riot, and refuse to pay your debte!"

"Nay, sir," returned Amos, gently, "'tis Christmas eve." "Christmas or no Christmas, have you

got that money?" "Alas, no, sir!"

"And yet you can entertain all the rascals of the neighborhood. You knave! why have you not borrowed it?" "You jest, sir. Who would lend me such

"That is your effair, not mine. Amos Par: so sure as the snow falls to night I

will not spare you another day."

As he spoke, Lambe had advanced into the center of the chamber, glaring baleful ly at his victim; while Caleb Thatch, encouraged by his employer's violence, had taken courage, and stood smiling maliciously in the door. All seemed completely taken aback by the sudden onslaught. Martha clung to Captain Seth, who gasped apoplectically; and even Antony Reilly looked bewildered.

As for the poor ship chandler, all the color had gone out of his cheeks, and he looked the picture of misery and shame; and when Mabel ran over to him and softly pressed his hand, he scarcely lifted his eyes to bers.

"You are a wicked man!" she criedlooking indignantly at Lambe. "God will punish you for your hard heart!"

Lambe laughed loudly. "Do you hear that, Caleb?" he cried. Then he added significantly: "Remember, Mistress Mabel, a word from you might make me gentle even now!" "She will not speak it," said Amos, re-

covering himself and speaking with a certain dignity: "Mabel, my child, do not heed him." "I do not heed him," cried the girl, while her tears fell on his trembling hand.

"God will protect you against him, Father Captain Seth leant over toward his old friend, and hailed him faintly from a dis-

"Father! can't you pay him?"

Amos only shook his head. "As far as twenty pieces will go, 'squire," continued Captain Seth, "I'll help the old man. Come, don't be hard, mate. This be Christmas tide."

Lumbe turned on his heel, and deigned no reply to the proposal. "You know me, Amos Parr. I shall keep my word. Sleep on it-and pleasant

And he steeds toward the door

All this time the stranger had remained quiescent in his chair, with his eyes fixed on the fire, seemingly quite indifferent to what was going forward But at Lambe's last words, he rose suddenly.

"Stay!" he said authoritatively. "What

debt is this? How much?" The 'squire tursed and looked him contemptuously from head to foot.

"How much? I might rather ask, who are you that ask? Pshaw, a trifle to many, but a fortune to beggar rogues, such as you and he! One hundred golden pounds, eh, Caleb?"

"One hundred pounds-yes!" cried Caleb from the door. The stranger, frowning darkly, turned

his dark eyes on Amos.

"Can you not pay this paltry sum?" "In sooth, no," was the reply, "though I shall do so if he will give me time. I am part owner of a small vessel plying between this port and France-all my little fortune is in her-she hath been missing for weeks -we fear lest she be lost."

"Her name, prithee?" The Mary Jane of Bartlepool." "Schooner or brig?"

Captain Seth took upon himself to reply "Big. Hunnerd and fifty ton. Vanderdecken seemed to reflect for

moment; then he said quietly: "I think I can set your mind at rest. That vessel is safe in the port of Rotterdam, and will doubtless return here before

many days." "Sir, is it possible?" cried Amos, trem bling with delight. But 'Squire Lambe, who had been listening impatiently to the foregoing scene, and

watched the stranger with growing irritation, now struck the lintel with his whip and interfered savagely. "What cock-and-bull story is this, you knaves? Do you think to cheat me out of

my due, as you cheat his Majesty the King? I tell you the Mary Jane is lost!" With flashing eyes Vanderdecken ad

vanced toward the furious 'squire. "And I tell you, man, that you lie!" h said in a commanding voice; and before the other could recover from his astonish ment be added, "Enough-1 will give you substantial proof of my faith in mine own

tale. Write out a receipt for this debt in

He drew from his breast a heavy silken purse, and, with the earelesszess of one to whom money is utterly indifferent, emptied a portion of its contents upon the table. They were large English gold pieces, each the size of a modern half-crown.

"There'is gold. Count out what is owing to you, and leave this house!" "O sir," cried Amos, utterly aghast, " can not suffer this-you are too generous!"

Bah! 'tis nothing-von will repay me, perchance, when your ship returns."

Lambe was dumfounded and savage, continued the 'squire with a slight hic-cough, "that you can keep wassail with scowled blackly at the s'ranger.

"How know I that this gold is honestly come by?"

"That is no affair of yours. Count it, I say, and begone. "Well, gold is gold, and I am content

discharge!" With eyes glittering full of avarice, Calab approached the table and obeyed. With trembling fingers he counted the pieces. lingering fondly over each, and handed them to Lambe; then he wrote the dis. charge on a leaf of his note book, and

among the heap of gold still remaining. "Is it fairy gold, think you?" whispered

handed it to the stranger, who looked at it,

nodded, and threw it down on the table

Antony to Captain Seth. "Lord knows!" muttered the captain. Lumbe still lingered, and Vanderdecken pointed to the door.

"Who, in hell's name, are you?" asked the 'squire, between his set teeth. "That concerns not you. Go! there is

the door." "This is our first meeting, but it will not be our last-nay, by --! As for you, Amos Parr, we shall tolk together of this and other matters before long. Come, Ca-

So he went, and it was as well Le did go, for Autony Reilly, in a wild state of excitement, was making unmistakable preparation to assist his departure. The moment the door closed behind him and his familiar, Vanderdecken quietly resumed and third chapter, after which Dr. Kuvahis chair, as if nothing particular had oc

Amos approached him; trembling with gratitude, and holding out his hands. "O sir, how shall I repay you? Your goodness puts me to shame; it does in

The young man looked at him quietly, and shrugged his shoulders.

"It is nothing," be said, coldly, "If I had a whim to thwart a knave, prithee do longed. not credit me with any particular sentiment in the matter. But it is late. Can I sleep under this roof to-night?"

"Most surely," returned Amos. "But ah! sir, suffer me to than's you-suffer me

With an impatient frown, the other turned his face away. "Oblige me by saying no more on that

subject. What I did, I did less for your sake than to please mine own humor." And he sat with averted head, gloomily gazing into the fire. Then Mabel, who had beheld the whole scene with tender winder, approached him, and put her little

hand upon his arm. "Sir, do not speak so!" she said, and in the ring of her voice there was a sweet so! twas not Judge Reid. That card explains he was mad, mad! Every mind emnity. "Wheever you are, you came this goes back to his assailant, to that office night as an angel of mercy to this poor house. Your own words wrong you, but your deeds are those of a good man. You not touch a bair of that man's head. have come to us on Christmas-eve, a time assault was not alone the cause of this madness. I would to God it were; but the of peace and blessing. As you have blessed us, may God bless you!"

smiling coldly and incredulously, he drooped his eyes again. Was it fancy or did she hear him murmur afterward to himself, as he sat brooding there-

"Bless me? Never; never!" But even then they heard the singing of the carolers outside in the wintry snow, and Martha, opening the window, and letting the dim moonlight creep into the room, said softly:

"See, father-it is Christmes morn "

Continued next week. GEN. HOWARD RESPONSIBLE For the Federal Disaster at the Bat-tle of Chancelorsville.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., May 16. - The members of the first army corps, headed by Gens. Rosecrans and Longstreet, left Fredericksburg at 9 o'clock this morning.

Driving to Chancellorsville, Gen. Joseph Dickinson, chief of staff to Gen. Hooker, described the position and movements of the federal army, the disaster that betell the eleventh corps and its disgraceful retreat, and also the wounding of Gen. Hook er on the porch of the Chancellorsville House, and the subsequent destruction of that house by fire caused by the bursting of a shell. Miss Chancellor, a young lady who was in the house at the time, was standing just back of Gen. Dickinson during his recital.

Gen. Henry Slocum pointed out the position of his troops, and in speaking of the eleventh corps said: "The Lord never made mer, who could stand in the position in which the eleventh corps was put." In answer to a question, he said: "I don't severed," and the act he could not help. know whose fault it was "

Gen. Robinson, of the eleventh corps, made an energetic defence of that body, and sail that no braver men ever fought. Said Gen. Robinson: "No precautions were taken by Gen. Howard, no pickets were put out, and we had no skirmish line and only three videttes. An officer reported to Gen. Dickinson that Lee was in retreat. During all this time Gen. Howard was off with Gen. Sickles in pursuit of other laurels. Gen. Howard had written orders from Gen. Hooker, but put them in his porket and never opened them until Gen. Hooker had told him to get his dinner and be at case. The fault," continued Gen. Robinson, "lay with Gen. Howard, and he never had the manliness or courage to take his share of the blame."

Gen. Robinson was plied with many questions, and was frequently applauded uring his remarks.

From Chanceflorsville, through sombre Wilderness woods, the party drove to where Ger. Longstreet and Col. Herbert located the lines and to the spot where Wadsworth was killed, and then back to Fredericksburg.

Kentucky girls wear red roses for ornaescorts - [B's narck Tribune.

JUDGE REID'S FUNERAL

Prominent People From All Over the State Attend the Interment of the Lamented Jurist. - A Synopsis of the Sermons.

Courier-Journal Special.

Mr. STEELING, KY., May 17. - The largest concourse of people that ever attended a funeral service in this city was here to-day. to pay a last tribute of respect to the emory of the lamented Judge Richard Reid. Long before the hour crowds were various parts of the state, together with many Odd Fellows from different lodges, were in attendance. The procession was headed by the Cerro Gordo Guards and followed by Forgs' band, the bar, the city officers, and Odd Fellows, of whom he was a member. It was about 4 o'clock when the ushers ordered the left aisle cleared. and the pall-bearers proceeded down to the alter, bearing the remains of the deceased encased in a massive metalic casket. Beneath a mourning canopy rested a crown of flowers bearing a cross emblematic of his crowned honors. This floral tribute was sent by the superior court. The choir sang "He Has Gone,"

Elder J. Shouse rend Second Samuel naugh led in prayer. He said the subject was a great and good man, pure from his infancy up, and so good that the wicked were against him. He praised the Lord that he had known such a good man, and begged the Lord to make such men numerous in the house of God. His prayer was touching in behalf of the widow, his mother and the surviving brothers and sisters and the church to which he be longed.

Elder Tricket, the pastor, read the less to commit personal outrages for rest

second hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," after which Elder McGarvey came forward and said :

A prince and a great man has fallen this day. The circumstances of the horrible set that brought this death makes it the more horrifying. Who is he that has died by his own hands? It is a man beautiful from his infancy. This man said to his mother, "Should I kill my enemy the glost of his eight children would haunt me until I would kill myself." He went himself and was found praying in the orning. Before coming to town one of his last acts was giving alms to a little girl, who stated that he spoke to her the awect est words that she ever heard. If ever where he had to endure that humiliation. Good men, with clinched teeth, were heard to breath an awful vengeance, but he did press teemed with insinuations that stung him like an adder. Let it ever be said He looked up at her as if startled, and that Kentucky's greatest educator and out fear of contradiction, that this case is murder and not suicide, caused by an assault followed by malicious sentiment. We find the sentiment to take the law in their own hands here in the house of God and elsewhere. I ask and beg you all to east this demon out. Another cause is a spirit of insubordination in both church and state. This man was a member of the house of God, raising his hand against her ruler and against the judiciary of the state and against God. Elliott and Garfield were hardly cold from the assassin's blow until Reid followed. This tender, true Christian and friend has gone to heaven. Remember that he took not vengeance in his own hands. By request of Mrs. Reid I ask for her your prayers. "That her reason be not dethroned; second. That in the selfishness of her own grief she may be forgiven for not having given more cheer to her husband in his afflictions." She said to me as I stood by her bedside: "Where was God when my husband was enduring all this?" that "He had withdrawn His face as did in the death of His Son."

Prof. Lans said : 'He would represent this whole matter as Christianity on one side and brutality on the other. This trouble has grown to on the other. This trouble has grown to be national, and its result crushes not only this community, but all law abiding peoplevery where. Richard Reid's life, and the circumstances that led to his death, will ot be forgotten for generations to come He was gentle from infancy, without malice or envy. His exaltation to the Superior Judgeship did not prevent him being a teacher in the Sunday School. No man subject to such hamiliation ever stood before his people and gave reasons for Christian conduct as had Judge Reid That matchless address which he delivered here will, in its day, become classic. referring to his rensoos, he says: "The golden bowl is broken; the silver link was

Elder Shouse said: In 1857 he first met Richard Reid, a student in Georgetown College, and all the character was there formed which made him a good man. He was one of the youngest in the class and won the brightest onors. Ex-Gov. Porter was his teacher at law and was here to-day to give expression to his sympathy. Though young when at school he was ever ready to speak in prayer meeting. I knew him in his first love, when it bloomed and blossomed like a rose, and was about to realize him his great joy. She to whom he was avowed was stricken down and his great Leart was almost broken.

I have known him all along his life, even

down to his death, and I stand before you draw the line on raisin' notes "- [Seiszors. the next morning. Gen. Howard said that to-day with my heart almost broken and am ready to reproach myself because I did not give him needed support. There are stricken spirits that can not bear the breath of criticism, much less slander. The harsh words of censure, criticism and slander hecke his heart, and those who raised their voices against him should cry to God to wash his blood from their hearts. I cherich his memory to-day. He demonstrated the truth that he would rather take his own life keep the promises made over his body we the life as began with him.

At the conclusion of Mr. Shoure's remarks, which were well delivered and brought many tears to the eyes of his audi- rive its vitality chiefly from the belief that ments to harmonize with the nones of their ence, the budy was taken to the cemetery, he is the famous "boy preacher." - [Brookwhere, after the beautiful ceremony of the lyn Bagle.

Odd Fellows was pronounced by W. Holt and C. W. Harris, it was placed in the vault. This was the closing scene of this and tragedy.

A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR

OR. HORES' SERMON ON THE TRAGERY. LOUISVILLE, KY, May 18.-Rev. A. H. Hobbs, at the First Christian Church, preached on the Mt. Sterling tragedy this morning. His text was Homnes xii, 19, 'A good man has fallen." Dr. Hools

Judge Reid was the victim of a deprayed public sentiment. We had hoped that one in high position had been found who would lead the public mind to a higher plane, He did not avenge bimself, as a largery prevailing sen iment said he should. Thus tar his example is to be praised. Had be are his example is to be praised. Had he curned upon his assentiant at the time of the assentit few would have blamed. This would have been navual. What reason or reasons kept him from it we know not. May have been he believed, or knew, his enemy to be a med with a deadly weapon. May be his respect for the doctrine of non-reasons to the standards by W. D. wending their way burriedly to the Christian church. Every street in the city leading that way was blocked. The after noon trains brought many more. All of the officers of the state, including Gov. Knott, were present. The entire bar from Knott, were present. The entire bar from deterred him from violence. May be that Winchester and numerous noted men from he was dazed by the suddencess of the assault. When it was all over he found himself eyed askance by friends whose sympathy he expected. He was made to leel that, because he would not avenge himself by taking the life of his enemy according to the demands of a viriated public sentiment, he was to be regarded as lacking in courage. He saw much to convince him that public sentiment would soon take form in his defeat as a candidate before the people. Many other considera-tions doubtless crowded upon him, caltions doubtless crowded upon min, collected to depress his spirits, when at last, reason reeled, and a weeful, honorable life was ended in a heart-sickening tragedy, was ended in a heart-sickening tragedy.

I can not believe that a majority of his constituents would have refused him their political support. In this, I believe, he was mistaken. But if I am, then there if more of barbarism lurking in our beater! Christian civilization than we should be willing to believe,
Are you ready to concede that, if Penn

and his followers were among us, and should suffer lawless violence unresistingly, public sentiment would brand them as cownerls?

But it must be conceeded that there are too many who entertain the notion that courage does not exist where retaliatory measures upon wrong does not show It is this fact, along with the notion that

or imaginary injuries.
It is high time that a public sentiment against such victous courses should so intreach itself in legal and social penalties. that the brutal passions of the lawless may be held in check. Otherwise, why not drop our claims to a Christian civilization, and let it be understood that we shall, at least, have the protection which in a barbaric condition comes from transmitting feuds to one's descendants, after his re-

themselves, for the most part, have been This is the pagan civilization which we are practically asked to welcome by those who would strike down the gospet of Christ—close our churches and inaugurate the religion of the principle that might

latives have killed all his enemies, or

makes right. In the Courier-Journal of the 16th inst. the able editor has given as two articles which honor his head and heart. I publicly thank him for them, although I might modify a few expressions. The sentiments of them, however, must meet the cord at approval of all right-thinking people. They are under the captions of "Tues Death of Judge Reid" and "Law and

Justice. It should not be forgotten, though, that, viriated public sentiment perhaps, his terrible result, was somewhat prepared for his unlawful deed by the sentiment; and while he can not be excused, yet before the bar of public opinion he might plead it im mitigation, with some show of reason.
"Blood guildiness!" That is a fearful

tharge to make upon a whole people. the only way to escape it as individuals is to discharge our responsibility for the existing viriated public opinion, by using all our power and influence to make all lawless violence odious in the last degree. A whole people, shocked and startled by terrible tragedy of Mt. Sterling, will deeply sympathize with the heart-broken widow and her son. Richard Reid was a

good husband, an earnest Christian, an

able lawyer, a just judge, and loved by those who knew him best. Both church and state have suffered a great loss, Why He Knew It Was Impossible.

Wall Street News. A Cincinnati dealer in clothing was standing on the depot platform at Hamilton, same state, a few mornings ago when the north bound train came in: A rassenger whom he knew had his head out of a coach winkow, and was asked the news.

"Why, the fire was in your store," "No! "So I heard 'em raying, and also that it

"Fire in the city last night," he replied.

"Vhas dot so? Who whas purned audi ?"

was set on fire. "My friendt,' remarked the clothier, as he brushed the ashes off his cigar, "dot whas ompossible. My shtock whas valued at \$9,000 and my issurance whas only \$7,000! Dot fire must have been a mile

Too Prosperous. "Wb-; is the matter with Jim Harmon?" asked a grain merchant of a countryman who had just "got in" with some corn.

the reply. I hear. But what was the matter?" Well, Jeems got too pres'prous." "How can a man be too prosperous?" Well, Jeems warn't sat slied with raising

"He's got himself into trouble," was

the best co'n an 'oats, su' the best hossess an cattle he ha' to raise notes. That's where the trouble begans I tell your unless a man's in politics, he wants to Wanted to Strike If,

old, after the big sister's beau had taken his seat, won't you let pu hit your breath

"Mr Dupree," asked the little ten year

Atlanta Constitution.

why do you nak such a question?" than he a murderer of his enemy. He closed, praying the Lord to give his unbounded mercy to this people and to enable his wife to withstand her troubles and to be so funny to see anything knocked out of a man's breath; don't you?"

Dupree didn't stop to reply. Mr. Ben Harrison's boom is said to de-

just for Im ?" "Why certainly, my fittle man; but